

A. M. A.



BAYONET



Published by the Cadets of the Augusta Military Academy,
Fort Defiance, Virginia.

MCMVI

E. M. E. Bayonet

"Ad Astra Per Aspera."

FORT DEFIANCE, VA.

Vol. 1.

JANUARY, 1906.

Number 1.

HANNIBAL'S TRIP OVER THE ALPS.

Col. Hannibal, the son of the old man, once conceived the idea of "doing the Alps" on foot and otherwise, so forthwith and immediately he got out on the top of a hill and "blowed his horn" to gather in his crowd of men, and in a few days, such a mighty collection was never seen before, and such a confusion reigned; for as each new recruit came into camp with his dog, all the other dogs would come forth, tipping along with tails up and hair on end, ready "to try the thing," and should one dog, by accident, happen to stumble against another, the fight was on. Each dog thought he was going to lick or get licked and he never stopped to look at the other dogs. This, of course, would create excitement among the rabble collected together prior to setting out and all would crowd around, a-cussing and jawing, and now and then, some one would land on some fellow's head when he wasn't looking, and the fellow whose head had been punched, would jerk off his fig-leaf and spitting on his hands three times, tapping himself on the forehead

with his little finger, would let drive at the nearest fellow's shins, who in turn would cuss a few bars and hit some other fellow so hard that his fist would stick to him. Col. Hannibal would interfere and quiet the up-rising. At last the cavalcade moved off, much to the delight of the small boys on the house-tops who rooted and shot beans at the bare legs of the "Braves" as they marched by. The first night, they came to a mighty rock in their way and not wishing to go around the rock, Han. decided to move it. So he called several chesty youths to put their shoulders to it and when they could not budge it, old Han. got mad and jumping into the air, cussed twice and swore he could do it. He pushed aside the men, braced himself, and gave a mighty heave, when lo! there was heard through the stillness of the atmosphere a gentle, low, murmuring, like the sound of a band-saw when it plows its way through a pine knot, and when the smoke and dust cleared away, three and a half suspender buttons lay on the ground and old Han. was calmly chewing his cud and with the smile of self-satisfaction said, "Behold, my hearty men, the deed is did"! After that, the cavalcade

marched around the boulder and on up the steep heights, the men a-cussing and jawing all the while. They encamped that night not far from "Rattlesnake den" and old Han. decided to go out and raise a fuss among the mountaineers by way of amusement. So he built up his camp-fires, as a heavy snow had fallen during the day, and with a picked body of men, "set sail." After walloping everything for miles around, Han. returned to where his camp had been, for there was nothing left to be seen of it then. Such a heavy snow had fallen and so many camp fires were burning, that the heat caused the snow and ice to melt and a great torrent was made down the mountain side, and all the men, horses and elephants were washed away. This did not daunt the Carthaginian far with what men he had left, he constructed a big band wagon and hitched a pair of elephants to it and decided to overtake the "run-a-ways." They went down the mountain so fast that the poor riders could scarcely hold on by the noodles. Han. bounced up so high that his zadook was broken in falling. When he reached the plains, he saw his army had been drowned and huge vultures were swooping down upon the animals. One mighty bird alighted nearby on a picket fence, and says old Han. to himself, "Now's my chance to have a little sail in the air." So he got down on all fours and made the vulture think he was a

rabbit hopping through the grass until he got close up behind him; then he tackled the bird around the knees and down they came together, Han. on top and the fur was flying and Han. was cussing. Finally he choked the bird down and put a bridle on him and then he began to dig him in the ribs with his finger-nails. The bird, unable to stand the attack, soared aloft with old man Hannibal astride, clapping his hands and shouting with delight—ever and anon digging his heels into the bird's "goozle" to make it "smoke up." After an uneventful journey of three days, Hannibal, Bird & Co. alighted on one of Rome's skyscrapers amid the great terror of the natives. The people, to a man, jumped into the river and floated away, leaving Hannibal in full power. This disgusted him, so he "flew back" home and went to bed.

(With Apologies.)

A STORY OF THE FOREST.

Once upon a time when I first can remember, I was in a large forest; wood cutters were cutting near me every day; when they got to me they said that I would make a good piece of lumber when I grew up. It was a long time before I grew up—I grew so slowly. After all, I was cut down; I was dragged to the river; there I was rolled down the bank and was kept to float down to the mill. There

were many other trees too. We floated for many miles and then in the mill we went. I was cut into many pieces; I was sent to the lumber yard; I laid there for many days; then I was taken into a room where wheels were going everywhere; there I was cut again and again; then I was made into a table. Then I was sent to a big store in New York, there varnished and set out in the sun to dry; then I was set in a big window to be sold. A young gentleman bought me; he went down South to school, where I was used for a long time; at last one of my legs fell off, and he had me fixed; later he threw me out of his room, and now I lay out in front of old A. M. A. Once the king of the forest—now an old table.

W. J. Martin.
(12 years of age.)

THE COLLEGE BRED MAN.

The college-bred man comes nearer to being the typical American than any of our conspicuous men.

Character without cant, dignity without solemnity, common sense and adaptability, shrewdness without meanness; and over the whole man the sunshine of good temper. Education like every kind of opportunity, is often presented to a barren or an unappreciative soul.

The privilege of education robs a man of excuse for wrong doing.

The man who has gone through

a good college cannot advance the apology of ignorance for misdeeds and dull moral perceptions.

We are just in demanding in the college graduate high honor, clear moral insight and honorable intention, whereas we do not with such evident justice demand fine moral discrimination.

F. W.

—••—
An Irishman saw a parrot in a tree; he climbed up the tree to catch it. When he got close to it, it said, "What do you want"? The Irishman said, "Be-jabers I tho't you were a bird."

—••—
The boy said to the teacher, "The season for green apples has come. She said, "How do you know"? He said, "I have inside information."

—••—
Are you afraid to meet your maker? Ans.: No, It's the other fellow I'm afraid of.

—••—
Mary had a little lamb,
She put it on the shelf,
And every time it wagged its tail.

It spanked its little self.

—••—
"I had a rooster once by the name of Robinson; I killed him." "Why"? "Because he crew so."

—••—
"What instrument of war does this earth resemble"? Ans.: "A revolver.

“VOCATION.”

Have you decided yet what your business or profession shall be in life? If not, now is the time to make that decision. It is always best to select what College course you want to pursue before you enter a preparatory school but if you have not done this, do not put it off till you are ready to enter College.

Choosing one's vocation is the most difficult, as well as the most important step of a life time. We cannot tell what profession would bring us the greatest success or how well we are suited for such a business until we have already started out in the world. There is one thing however we can tell before we begin our business career — we can tell whether or not we are going to make a success in life. Do all of you agree with me?

If history be true and if precedents count for anything, we are able, I say, to tell our fellow men, and to tell them with truth too, whether or not we shall reach that goal of success aimed at by every ambitious school boy. How is this end reached? How does it come that we can be certain of success before we start out in life? It would seem that this knowledge could be learned only through “Fortune-tellers.” But few people believe in these; Yet we can be certain of success, but only on one condition—by keeping in the broad and pleasant highway of duty. It

is not a “straight and narrow” way, for it is the easiest of all roads to travel. The first of all duties is to do your *present* work well; do not waste time thinking of the past nor by looking forward to trouble; think of your present work and put the “whole man” to the task.

If we are going to prepare a lesson, write a story, or shine our shoes for inspection, we should do the best we can, for it is doing these little things well which inculcate habits of doing *every* thing well.

Follow this rule of doing your work “the best you are able” and you will not be kept long at menial tasks. We are inclined to travel along the way of least resistance. The path of duty offers the least resistance after we make the first few steps in youth. Remember, upon the first quality and quantity of your effort depends your success. Begin these efforts to-day.

Is foot-ball an American game?
Ans.: No, its Rushin.

Fat lady getting on the car.
Conductor, do you stop at the New Willard Hotel? Ans.: No, I don't get but two dollars a day.

(ADVERTISEMENTS.)

Gents' furnishing department.

Get next to our Underwear.

Shirts retailed.

A. M. A. Bayonet

Published by the Cadets of the Augusta Military Academy.

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Subscription, per annum, 50 cents
" " " by mail 75 "
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EDITORIAL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We, the Cadets of the Augusta Military Academy, believing that there exists sufficient literary talent among the Cadets of this school to publish a small magazine to be devoted to the interests of the Alumni, the Athletics, and in fact, everything connected with the Academy, have decided to publish a monthly magazine to be known as "The Bayonet."

This new-born babe makes its first appearance in this issue, and as becomes one of its age, it is bashful and reserved, exhibiting

its spirit more through signs of enthusiasm than through an elegant flow of words. Just as every parent expects its child to become a leader of its race, just so does A. M. A. look forward to the time when "The Bayonet" will reach a prominent position among the publications of this kind. In the case of a child, it must be properly trained and nourished in order for it to become a strong, robust adult; on the same principal must the material for the paper be produced by the Cadets in order to make "The Bayonet" a success.

Since the idea of publishing this paper here at the Academy was first mentioned, the Cadets have appeared to take considerable interest in getting out the first issue, which we trust, will be out-done by the second, the second by the third and so on with each successive issue until "The Bayonet" shall have attained the highest point of perfection. We want "The Bayonet" to become better with each issue in its exhibition of the literary talent which exists among the Cadets. There are very few things in this world which cannot be improved upon, and while this issue is allright, it is not one of the few things mentioned above. Do not think we are criticizing your work; on the con-

trary, we think the articles on the Alumni, the Athletics and the Personals are excellent; while the stories are also very good, taking into consideration the fact, that they are the product of youthful minds.

It is customary in the first issue of any paper to state its objects. The aim of "The Bayonet" shall be the same as that of any other publication of its kind, viz: To cultivate and develop what literary talent exists among the Cadets of this school. In order to accomplish this first object it is necessary to have the hearty co-operation of the entire student body. Without this the paper can hardly be a success. We want every Cadet in the Academy to use his influence and talent towards the building up of "The Bayonet". If he happens not to be of a literary turn, perhaps he may be able to assist us in another way—that is to loosen his purse strings. We do not believe that there is a single boy in the school who will begrudge paying a paltry fifty cents for a paper which is being published for the benefit of the entire corps. Another thing, do not think that you are supposed to write articles which would be scoops for the New York Journal. The public does not expect such work at the hands of school-boys. You are doing this to *cultivate* literary talent; you are not taking a "Post-graduate" course, so to speak. Remember,

"every little bit helps," and any articles which you may send in will be greatly appreciated.

A second object of "The Bayonet" shall be to keep in touch with the Alumni and in turn enable them to keep in touch with us. This second object is of no less importance than the first. We all know that the Alumni, or a greater part of them, take much interest in the welfare of the institution where they made themselves better qualified for the responsibilities of life. Through this little publication they are able to learn of many incidents of old A. M. A. which would be of interest to them and which, otherwise, would, perhaps, escape their notice. Again, those who have experienced some of the many difficulties of life, and those who are now pursuing college courses can, through the Alumni column, give us excellent advice and encourage us in our school work.

Another object of "The Bayonet" shall be to stimulate "school spirit" and to give light to aspiring youth. There is nothing which can compare with the power of literature to establish a closer union among the pupils in any school.

The last object, but by no means the least, shall be to promote and encourage Athletics. Boys, we all know that, out-side of school work, Athletics is the most important subject which engages a school-boy's mind.

Besides, the subject of Athletics is a broad field upon which to write, and with such men as we have on the Athletic section of the staff, there is no reason why that column in "The Bayonet" should not be a most important feature.

Now, we desire to see "The Bayonet" make a mark in this world and you may rest assured that the editors are not going to let a chance slip by to start the first scratch. Furthermore, we desire to see all who are interested in the success of this publication start a campaign to procure the means with which to secure a "scabbard" for "The Bayonet." In other words, we want to secure a permanent and prominent position for "The Bayonet" among other publications of its class. Now, in order to secure this, two things are absolutely necessary: subscriptions and manuscripts. The boys are in some degree responsible for getting the former and in a still greater degree for getting the latter.

We desire to publish only fresh, original work, and the Cadet who goes about this work in a "Don't-care-way", with debilitated energy and with a spirit lacking interest cannot produce the material required for the accomplishment of the several objects mentioned.

A good man can't be kept down—think of Jonah.

The elevator to success is generally "stuck"—try the stairs.

It is a long way to "easy street" and no cars running.

Don't judge a man by his outside appearance. A bad egg always has a good shell.

If you want to make a mark in this world do not miss a chance to start the first scratch.

Don't wait for the ship of success to come to you—row out to meet it.

Don't hold a cent so close to your eye that you can't see a dollar ahead.

The man who makes a success in this world is the one who keeps on "sawing wood." How big is your wood-pile?

Experience is the best teacher but the tuition fees are high.

There is always room at the top but it requires push to make one's way through the crowd on the way up.



THE A. M. A. OF 1905-06.

The A. M. A. of to-day is so very different from the Academy of former days that many of the old Cadets would scarcely recognize the place where they laid the foundation for a business career.

Even within the last year great improvements have been made.

To the left of the barracks already next the mess-hall a new building has been erected. It is finished in yellow pine and is light and roomy. Down stairs there are three bed-rooms and a shower bath room, all of which open into a hall in which are the stairs. Up-stairs are four nice rooms opening into a hall running the length of the building.

All of the buildings are painted with white and have green trimmings and from any of the neighboring hills the barracks present a very picturesque appearance.

All of the buildings are lighted with electricity supplied from a private power-house.

The power-house is equipped with a ten horse power "Otto" gasoline engine and a dynamo capable of furnishing electricity for one hundred and fifty sixteen candle power lights or, in other words, the dynamo can make electricity for a light equal to two thousand four hundred candles.

In addition to the dynamo, the engine runs a pump which assists the wind-mill already in use.

From the front gate to the porch of the main building a wide stone walk has been laid and this furnishes an excellent place for those who find it necessary "to walk" on Saturdays.

These additions have greatly added to the looks of the barracks, and to the comfort of the Cadets, but still the Principals are not satisfied and have more extensive improvements in view.

C. H.

A publication, especially a small school magazine, is supported largely by what advertising space is taken up. We still have plenty of space for ads. In return for the financial help furnished us by our advertisers, we think it behooves the Cadets to make their purchases from them. People of this age do not advertise for pleasure; they expect to get some returns for their investment. Let us see if we cannot make it worth the trouble and money of the business men who patronize us by dealing at their stores.

What is the attraction in Memphis? Some one ask Prof. T.

A trolley car running from Ft. Defiance to New Hope would be greatly appreciated by Kline.

Young thinks he can play football. Some one tell him better.

Alumni Notes.

My Dear Mr. Editor:

Your esteemed favor of the 12th instant just received and contents noted. I enclose seventy-five cents for which please send me the paper published by the Cadets of the Old Augusta Military Academy. If there is a place I cherish in my heart it is old A. M. A. and I recall the days spent there during the years 1891-2, '92-3 as the happiest days of my life.

Those, or at least two of whom are now Professors, were school-mates of mine. I hope you will be able to find out where all of the "Old Boys" are and can give their addresses, especially the boys of 91-92, 92-93. I am now in business with my father, General Contractor and Lumber Dealer, with main office at Charleston, West Virginia, firm name A. F. Withrow and Co. I am now living at Millboro on my farm and am serving my county for the second term as Supervisor of the fourth Magisterial District. Hoping that the paper may meet with great success and that I may not miss one number and with best wishes for the future success of the Old A. M. A. and all of the boys. I am,

Very truly yours,

R. L. Withrow.

P. S.—Use the other quarter to the best interest of the paper.

R. L. W.

Mr. W. M. Challender is at present in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph company in Richmond.

A letter from Charles W. Harlan, living in Charlottesville, brings wishes for the success of "The Bayonet." Mr. Harlan is in the grocery business, his site being in the locality of the University.

Mr. B. H. Strough, a former A. M. A. Cadet, is at present connected with the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, his office being in Bluefield, W. Va.

Mr. R. B. Shackleford, formerly a professor here, is now in Charlottesville, where he is teaching French, German and Spanish at Rawlings Institute.

Mr. J. D. Crowle, Jr., of Staunton, is engaged in the insurance business. The firm name is Sproul & Crowle, and it is doing a profitable business in and around Staunton.

Mr. Hunter McCreery, once a Captain here, is taking the academic course at the Washington and Lee in Lexington, Va.

Mr. E. B. Warren, an ex-cadet of A. M. A., is at present farming near Hot Springs, Va.

Mr. Clement Yore, of Chicago, is a member of the Editorial Staff of the Chicago Examiner.

Dr. J. L. Alexander, an M. D. graduate of the University of

Virginia, is engaged in an extensive practice at Stokesville, Va.

Mr. J. G. Fulton, who is a graduate of the University, is farming at Mount Meridian, Va.

Mr. John R. Haven, of Denison, Texas, is chief clerk in a leading bank of his town.

Dr. F. W. Watson, a dentist in Beverly, West Va., is enjoying an extensive and lucrative practice.

Dr. J. B. Tuttle is doing an extensive practice in Craigs ville, Va. It may be of some interest to the Alumni to know that Dr. Tuttle has, for some years, been enjoying matriomnial bliss.

Mr. D. G. Ruckman is a flourishing farmer and cattle raiser of Long Glade, Va.

Mr. J. R. Pells is in the railroad business at Tyler, Texas.

Mr. Claude Wilton, of Harrisonburg, Va., is a member of a large wholesale hardware firm.

Mr. T. C. Bowling is conducting an extensive milling business in Charles Town, West Va. Several years ago Mr. Bowling married Miss Crowle of Staunton, Va.

Mr. T. J. Christian, who graduated from the University of Virginia, is now a prominent lawyer of Newport News, Va.

Dr. C. E. Conger, a University of Virginia graduate, is engaged in his profession at Penn Laird, Va.

Hon. William H. Landes, once of A. M. A. is now mayor of Staunton, Va., and the town is greatly improving under his supervision.

Prof. A.—“Now everyone use the muscular movement; don't use your fingers.”

Casper.—“How are we going to write?”

Prof. — “Where is Philadelphia?”

Boy—“In Australia.”

Boy—(To classmate afterwards) “I believe that place is in South America.”

Prof. W.—“We are going to have welch rarebit.”

Hoshall—“Did you kill it, Professor?”

Wanted—A bugler; Apply at Augusta Military Academy.

Hoshall has a good voice but it needs cultivating.

As long as the Poles are here the chickens will have a place to roost.

My, but we need a first Sergeant.

The following extract from the "Spirit of the Valley" may be of some interest to our readers:

The city of Harrisonburg has long been noted for its eminent attorneys and among the younger members of the bar none is more prominent than Mr. Ernest B. Crawford, whose offices are located on the second floor of the First National Bank building. Mr. Crawford was born in Augusta county and received his early education in the schools of that place, graduating from the High School at Mount Sidney. He then entered the Augusta Military Academy at Fort Defiance and graduated in 1894. Then he entered the University of Virginia where he finished his academical course. After completing his education he taught school for three years, being principal of the High School at Mount Crawford and also at Grottoes.

In 1899 he again entered the University of Virginia as a law student and graduated with the degree of B. L. in 1901.

From Bishopville, South Carolina, we hear that Mr. A. B. Baskin is a leading citizen there.

He is deeply interested in many of the largest business firms there and is also enjoying the happiness of married life.

Dr. Frank W. Watson, a leading dentist in Durbin, W. Va. and an Alumnus of A. M. A. is meeting with much success in his

profession.

A letter from Mr. William Patterson, a cadet here in 1902, shows that he is enjoying college life at the University of Virginia. Mr. Patterson is taking his last year in a course of medicine and we hope him success in every way.

Mr. J. H. Parkins is at the Pennsylvania State College where he is nicely situated. He is assistant chemist and is engaged in making miscellaneous analysis.

Mr. Solomon Loeb of 1898, is interested in the Cotton business at Shreveport, La. We understand that he holds the responsible position as traveling salesman for the firm of H. Loeb & Son.

Mr. H. H. Byrd one of the "old set" is now attorney for the commonweath of Bath Co. Va.

Mr. Byrd is a graduate of the University of Va. and his prominent position shows that he is meeting with signal success in the legal profession.

The ring out-lasts the setting,
Likewise does the Hen;
The buckwheat-cake of the morning
Will never rise again.

But the problem that troubles my
soul
And fills me with disaster—
Is, does the porous plaster out-last
the hole
Or, the hole the porous plaster?



Society.



A. M. A. GERMAN.

On the night of Nov. 24, we celebrated our opening Ball.

The committee on music was made up of the following Cadets: Tschudy, Jarman and Gardner.

Committee on invitations, Ferris, Holtman, and Mr. Pole, of the Faculty.

Arrangement committee, Cadets Beard, Price and Jordan.

The Cadets were all diked out in their new full-dress uniforms and looked very nice.

Some very pretty German figures were led by Capt. T. J. Roller with Miss Knox, Capt. C. S. Roller with Miss Randolph, Cadet Ferris with Miss M. B. Roller, Cadet Price with Miss V. Bell, Cadet Cook with Miss May Ritchie, Cadet Hoshall with Miss N. Ritchie, Cadet Nelson with Miss Allington, Cadet Rice with Miss Johnson, Cadet Lora with Miss Annie Sites, Cadet Holtman with Miss Lottie Sites, Cadet Burdette with Miss Alice Sites, Cadet Jordan with Miss Raymond, Cadet Parr with Miss E. Bell, Cadet Pyles with Miss E. Dudley, Mr. Jarman with Miss S. Dudley, Cadet Kline with Miss C. Stout, Cadet Hafer with Miss Hoge, Cadet Casper with Miss S. Stout, Cadet Beard with Miss Ferris, Cadet Waddill with Miss Funkhouser, Cadet Brode with Miss Byers, Cadet Byers with Miss Hamer, Cadet Young with Miss Shannon, Dr. Rcller

with Miss Graham, Cadet Jarman with Miss Gasaway, Cadet-Monitor Pole with Miss McCue, Cadet Sterret with Miss Miller, Mr. Byers with Miss Blackburne, Cadet Jones with Miss Dunlap, Cadet McConnell with Miss Clemmer, Cadet Veach with Miss Longsworth, Cadet Martin with Miss E. Richey, Cadet Munroe with Miss M. Sites, Cadet A. Pole with Miss Swoope, Cadet Morris with Miss Hallaway, Cadet S. Gardner with Miss Lewis, Cadet N. Gardner with Miss Singleton, Cadet Erwin with Miss Anderson, Cadet Stuart with Miss Haley, Cadet Crawford with Miss Swinton, Mr. McCue with Miss Balis.

The dance lasted until about 2 o'clock when every one departed for home. The Italiano Scorpito Orchestra from Staunton made fine music and every one enjoyed a most delightful time.

It was in every respect, the most successful dance ever given at A. M. A.

Barton never saw any ice until Saturday, then he felt it.

Wanted—A few bunches of hair by Captain R.

Prof.—Now Casper, if we should dig a hole through the earth, where would we come out”?

Casper—“Out the hole.”



Military.



Ft. Defiance, Oct. 13, 1905.

Headquarters' Corps Cadets,

Augusta Military Academy.

Special Order No. 14.

I. The following promotions and appointments are made in the corps of Cadets and must be obeyed and respected accordingly:

To be Captain, C. W. Parr.

" " 1st Lieutenant, A. Stuart, Jr.

" " 2nd " N. S. Ferris.

" " 3rd " F. G. Jarman.

" " Serg't- Major, W. N. Jones.

" " 1st Sergeant, P. G. Nelson.

" " 2nd " F. B. Beard.

" " 3rd " H. M. Morris.

" " 4th " W. E. Holtman.

" " Bugler- " M. S. Gardner.

" " 1st Corporal, H. Shreckhise.

" " 2nd " C. W. Byers.

" " 3rd " J. Shreckhise.

" " Drummer Corporal,

H. M. Tschudy.

" " 5th Corporal, E. M. Sites.

II. All Sergeants and Corporals must procure and learn both rolls at once.

By order of,

Capt. C. S. Roller, Jr.,

Commandant Corps Cadets.

Nelson—"I say Veach, what size shoes do you wear"?

Veach—"No. 2."

Nelson—"How do you make that out"?

Veach—"They have two 'ones' on them."

Hafer—"Say Pyles is your mother-in-law going to die"?

Pyles—"Blamed if I know."

Hafer—"What did the doctor say"?

Pyles—"He said prepare for the worst and he has me guessing."

C—K says that Mr. Caesar was adorned with a crown of olive oil.

Prof. T.—Casper what was the Monroe doctrine"?

Casper—"A beef-steak poultice for Jeffries' black eye."

Puzzle—"Did Gardner ever have his hair combed"?

When Price answered a report the other day for not putting out light at Taps, he said the blamed thing was in a bottle.

Lost—One heart near cross-eyed bridge. Finder will please return to Room 17 and receive reward.

What was the attraction down at the Fort during the holidays. Ask Hoshall.



Athletics.



"Our foot-ball."

Although the foot-ball season this session has not been quite as successful as that of previous years, it was not because we lacked the material.

We had an excellent team but in every contest our opponents out-weighed us considerably and the defeats we did receive were only by a small margin. The eleven averaged in weight only about 140 pounds but it held down some 165 pound teams to the small scores of 6 to 0 or 11 to 6, etc.

If some of our rivals will remember some of the defeats they received last year at the hands of the A. M. A. lads, they will have little reason to boast this year. The season of 1904, A. M. A. came out, "Champions of Virginia." That is saying a great deal.

The line up of the A. M. A. team was as follows:

Young,	-	R End.
Gardner,		R Tackle.
Cook,	-	R Guard.
Shreckhise,	-	Center.
Nelson,	-	L Guard.
McConnell	-	L Tackle
Watkins,	-	L End.
Ferris,	-	Quarter B.
Roller, (Capt.)	-	Right H. B.
Jones,	-	Full "
Beard,	-	Left H.

Subs—Jordan, Barton, Burdette and Parr.

Young, our right end, comes

from Lexington High School. He is a cracker-jack. Gardner, who played end last year, moved up to right tackle. He is an up-to-date player. Cook played a good game. This being his first year at the sport. He proved to be a good guard for as little experience as he had, and, weighing about 150 pounds. Shreckhise, our young and up-to-date "Farmer" played a good center the only objection he played a little high. Nelson, our old "Tuck-a-hoe" boy, proved to be a star at right guard. This is his second year in foot-ball and his last at A. M. A. He leaves for V. M. I. next year. He undoubtedly has a foot-ball record before him. McConnell came highly recommended, from Richmond H. S. He played right tackle to a finish; always ready and hard to down. Prof. Watkins of Hampden-Sidney played a swift game at left end. He was full of ginger and snuff. Ferris, our star quarter back, comes from Washington H. S. We regret to say this is his last year in preparatory school, as he goes to Geo. Washington University next year. Jones, the Indian, is an up-to-date foot-ball player in every respect. He played end last year, and full this year. He is going to be a star in foot-ball circles. Beard, our old center, is one you can rely on. He played left half this year and he ripped up many a line during

the season.

Captain Roller, our noted coach from V. M. I. is one of the best in the south, having coached for University of S. C. two years. Since there he has been playing right half for A. M. A. Aside from his coaching, he is undoubtedly the back-bone of the team.

Parr, our sub-center, was a good man and a good substitute for Shreckhise. Jordan and Barton played a good game but were rather light. Burdette was a good man either at half or at full, and the best drop-kicker on the team.

GOLF CLUB.

A movement is on foot to re-organize the golf club and all Cadets wishing to join should hand in their names at once to the President of the Athletic Association.

This sport is becoming exceedingly popular everywhere and aside from the healthy feature of the game, it soon becomes very fascinating.

The cool bracing air will do you good, so, boys, come out, and join the club.

The grounds are in good shape and many pleasant afternoons can be spent on the links,—learning how “to swat the ball with the nib licks, or doodle the dang with the putter.”

Mr. L. gazed long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare then sighed and remarked: “Poor man! How pale he looks! He couldn’t have been well when that was taken. “He wasn’t,” agreed his polite hostess.” “He was dead.”

“Oh,” said Mr. L. drawing a sympathetic breath, “that accounts for it.”

William had been so persistently bad that Captain did not know what to do with him.

“If you will not behave, I shall put you in one of the hen-coops.”

“Well,” said William, “before you put me in, I want to let you know, I will not lay any eggs.”

What has Brooklyn got, that New York hasn’t? Ans.: The other end of the bridge.

What is a balloon? Ans.: A lot of wind with a bag around it.

What is your business? Ans.: I am undertaker in the postoffice. Well what do you do? Ans.: I lay out the dead letters.

A little drop of powder,
A little drop of paint,
Makes a lady’s freckles
Look as if they aint.

My wife said, I was like an automobile because whenever she wanted me to go anywhere, I was always broke.

❧ Miscellaneous. ❧

SAD DEATH.

After an illness of about four days, at her home on Mountain View Farm, near Ft. Defiance, Va., "Blossoms," the well-known cow of Mr. Sites and family, departed from this world of sorrow and care, aged eight-one years, twelve months, and thirty-one days, of lumbago.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. C. B. Moyers, D. D., L. L. D., of the Augusta Military Academy. The pallbearers were Messrs. Wm. Holtman, Herbert Lora, Homer Burdette, and Jetta Veach, all of A. M. A.

The deceased has been a resident in or near Ft. Defiance practically all her life. She leaves behind several relations and friends, all of whom join together in mourning her sad death.

IN MEMORY OF "BLOSSOMS."

You are not forgotten Blossom,
dear,

Nor ever will you be;
For as long as life and memory
last,

I shall remember thee.

I miss your bawling,

I miss you everywhere;

Home is not what it used to be

Since dear old Blossom is not
here.

Were you ever on the stage?

Ans.: Yes, I drove one once.

Which is the strongest day in the week? Ans.: It must be Sunday, for all the rest are week days.

Dioceius Alonzo Dungan
Fell in love with Mary McCann;
With a yell and a whoop
He fell down the front stoop
Just in front of her papa's brogan.

A lady named Mary Maguire
Had trouble in lighting her fire,
The wood being green,
She used Kerosene,
Now she's gone where the feul is dryer.

Hafer—"Shave closah, bawbah."

Barber—"You'd better call a butcher."

Hafer—"What foh?"

Barber—"He knows more about skinning a calf than I do."

Veach—"What makes you giggle so much, Lora?"

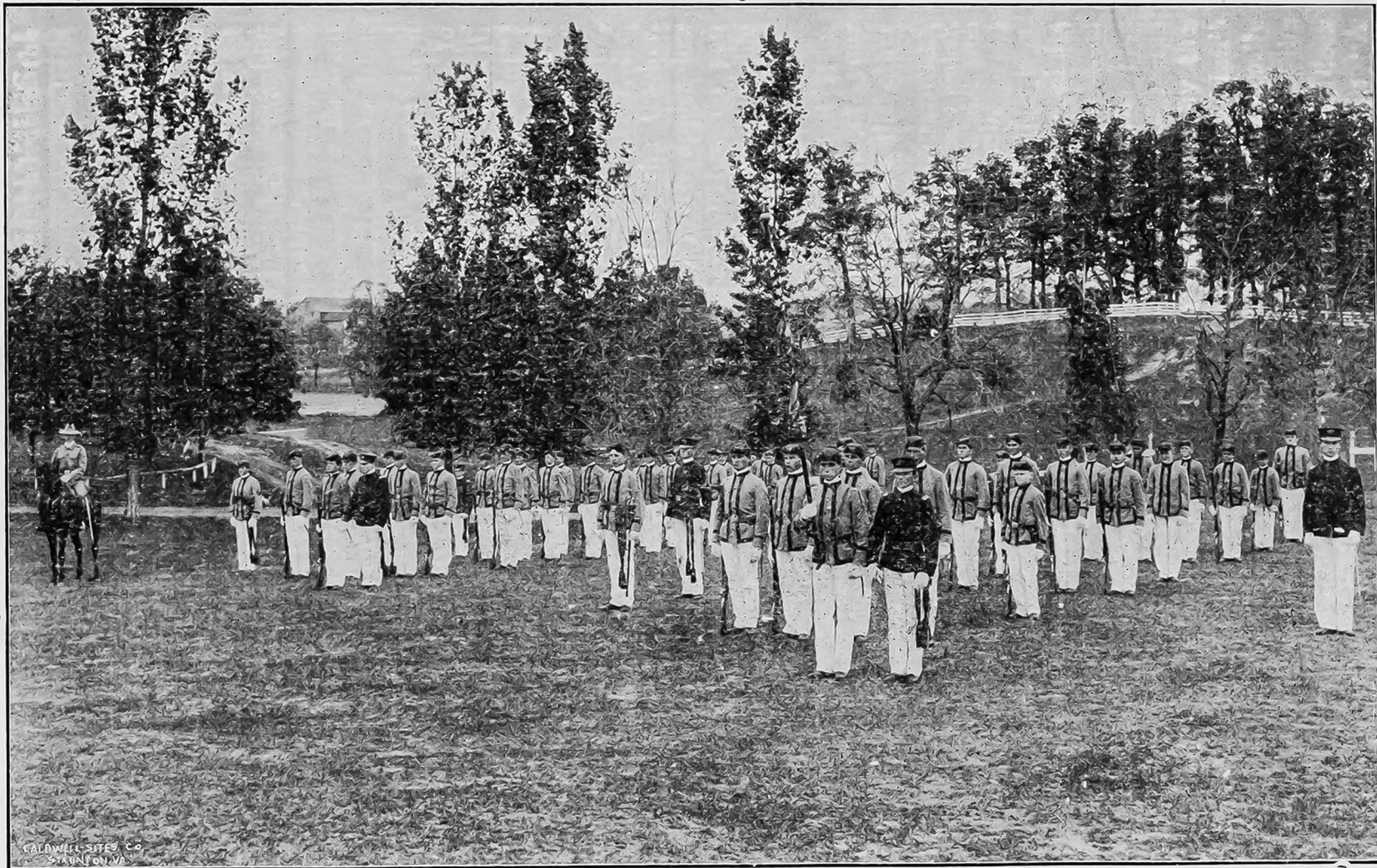
Lora—"O, that is just my peculiarity, every-body has some peculiarity, what is yours?"

Veach—"Well to tell the truth, I don't beleive I have any."

Lora—"Do you stir your coffee with your foot?"

Veach—"Certainly not, I use my right hand."

Lora—"Well, that's your peculiarity, most people use a spoon."



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